

CHANDAMAMA

JULY 1973

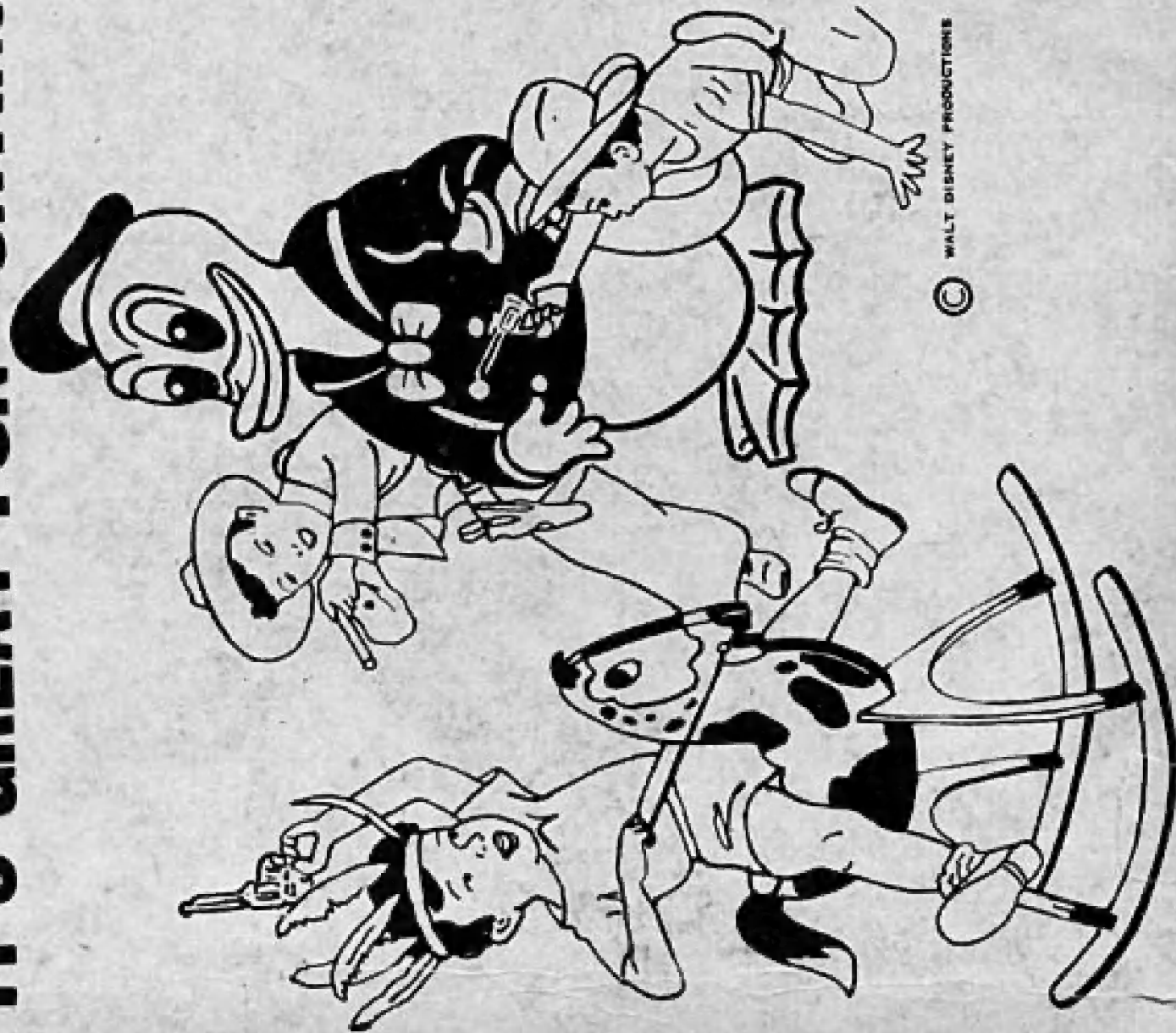
90 PAISE



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for the story

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CHANDAMAMA

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ANGARAVATHI

Chandamahasena, the King of Ujjain, prayed to Chandika, the Goddess, long and ardently. Finally, the Goddess pleased with his steadfastness and devotion, granted him many boons and, among other things gave him a magical sword with the keenest edge. She also prophesied that he would soon marry a beautiful princess.

One day, his guards reported to him that a strange beast prowled the city after midnight and devoured the soldiers guarding the fortress gates. So the King decided to keep vigil himself. As he went the rounds of the city, he saw a stranger moving about in a suspicious manner. Quickly overtaking him he cut his head

off with one sweep of his blade. The next minute, a demon suddenly appeared out of nowhere, and snatching up the head ran off into the forest. Thinking that the demon was the slayer of his guards, the King gave hot chase and finally overtook him. As he seized the demon by the hair, and was about to kill the creature, the latter said, "Oh, King spare my life, and I'll show you the demon who slays your guards."

The King stayed his hand and said, "Quick, tell me and I'll let you go."

The demon continued. "His name is Angaraka and he lives in the underworld. If you can kill him, you can even marry his daughter Angaravathi, who

is the most beautiful maiden in all the world. Know that his Angaraka roams the earth in the guise of a wild boar."

The King released the demon and pursued the wild boar which led him a merry dance over hill and dale. Finally, it disappeared through a hole in the ground. Undaunted Chandamahasena followed the spoor of the boar and reached the underworld where he saw a beautiful city. He wandered around until at last he came to a well laid out garden. In the garden were a hundred maidens, each one more lovely than the other. But there was one who shone like the early morning sun and this was Angaravathi, the daughter of Angaraka.

When she saw the handsome King she lost her heart to him and accosted him with these words. "Oh, Sir, whence do you come? If my father Angaraka were to see you, he'll kill you. So please go away."

The King who was not a little attracted to her said, "Are you indeed that famed beauty Angaravathi? Then I wish to marry you, but first, I must slay your father. Tell me how I can go about that."

Angaravathi who hated her father's wicked and cannibalistic ways said, "Sir, I can marry only if my father dies. Now I am yours to command. I'll do your bidding. As for my father, don't worry. I'll find out from him where lies the secret of his life. Then you can kill him easily."

Having said this she went towards her father's bedroom. Chandamahasena followed her and hid in a corner of the room.

A little later Angaraka woke up and saw his daughter standing before him with downcast eyes.





“What ails thee, daughter?” he asked. Angaravathi said, “Father, everyday you have strange adventures. I fear for your safety.”

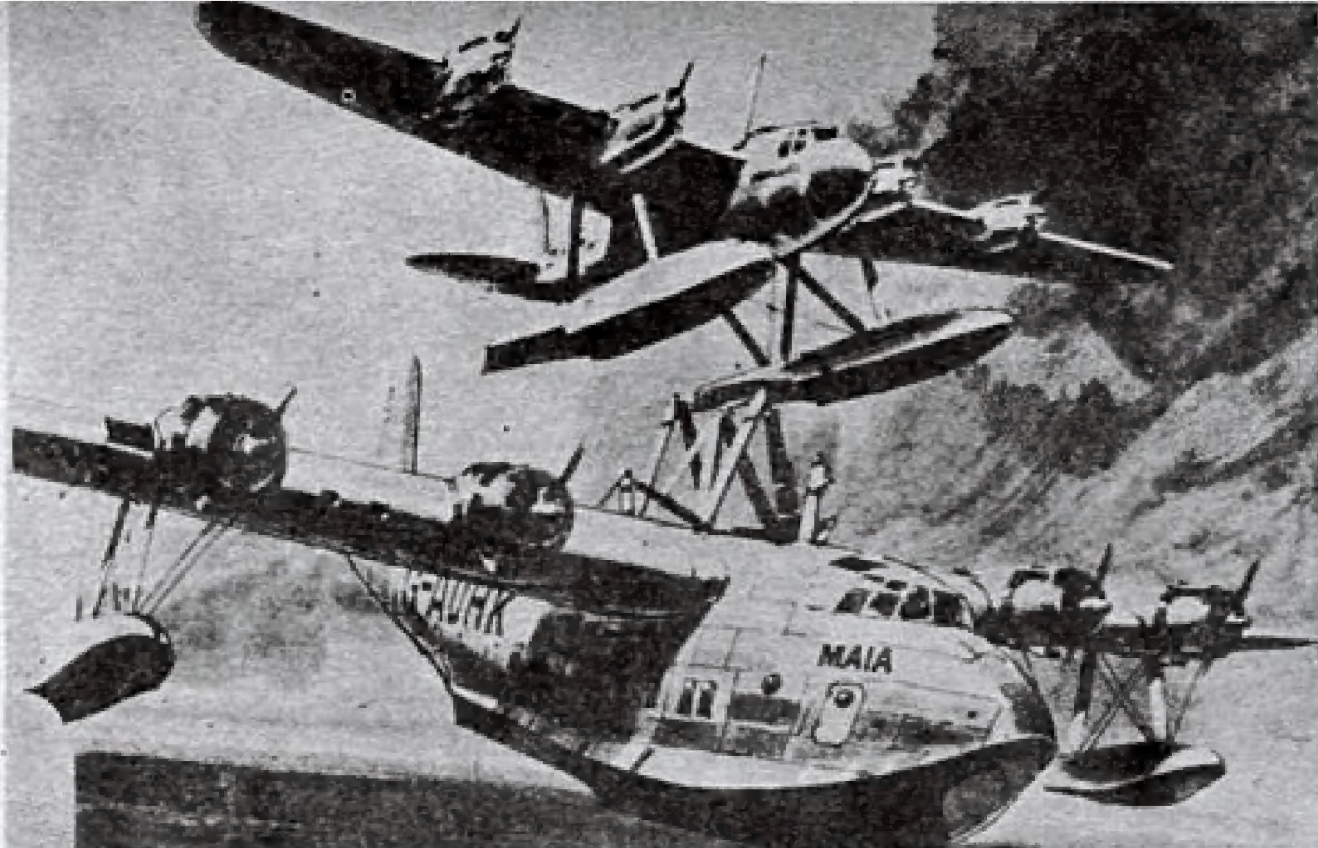
Angaraka laughed boisterously and said, “Silly girl. Don’t you know that the secret of my life lies in my left palm! As I always hold my bow in that hand, no one can wound me there. So don’t worry. No one can kill me.”

Then he went to his prayer chamber but neglected to take his bow with him. Thus learning the secret of Angaraka’s

immortality, Chandamahasena followed him to the prayer chamber and challenged him to battle. Angaraka deep in his prayer did not deign to reply but lifted his left arm to signal him to wait. Quickly, Chandamahasena fitted a barb to his bow and aimed for the demon King’s left palm. The bow twanged and Angaraka fell down dead.

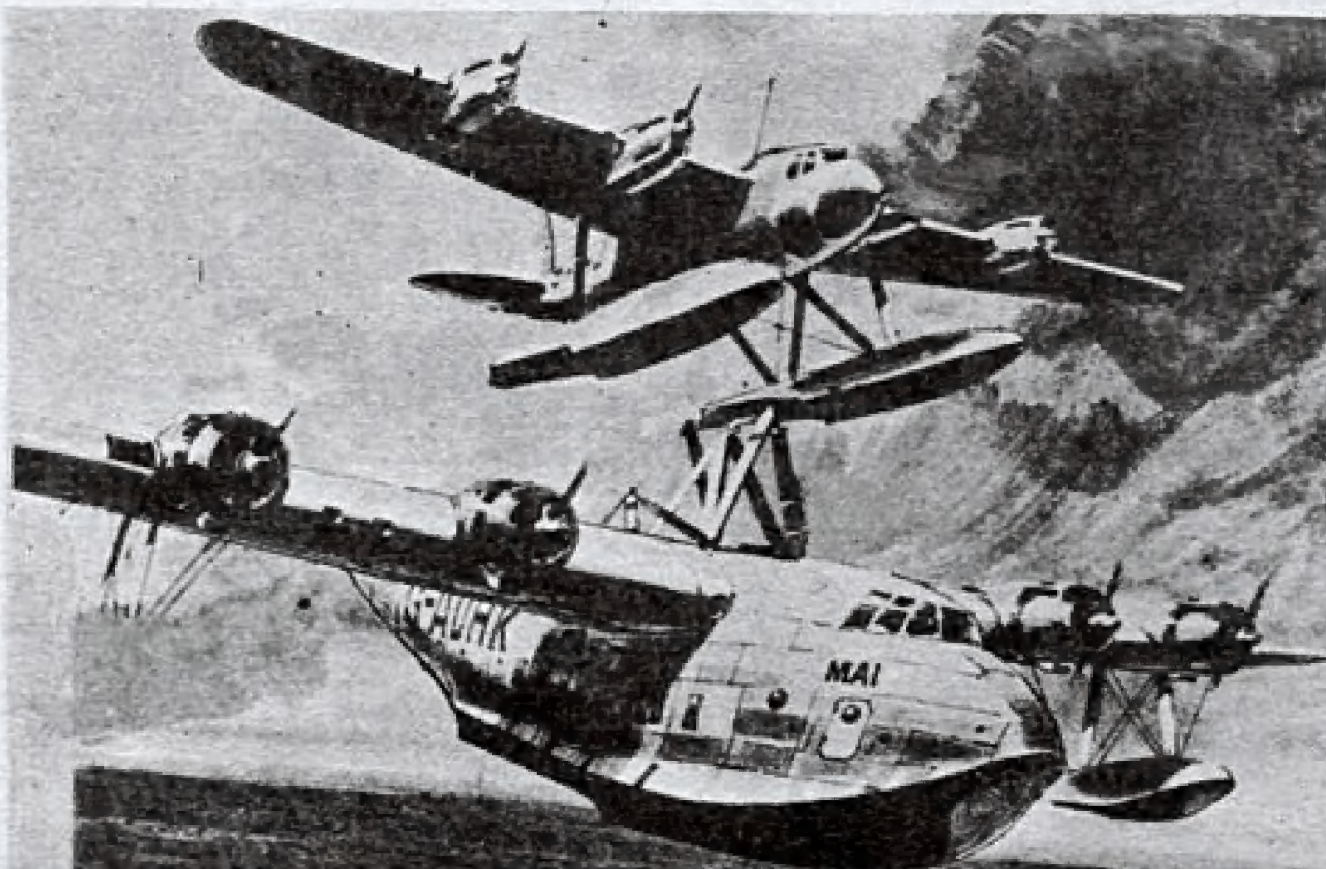
Then Chandamahasena took Angaravathi with him to Ujjain and made her his Queen. They lived happily for many many years.

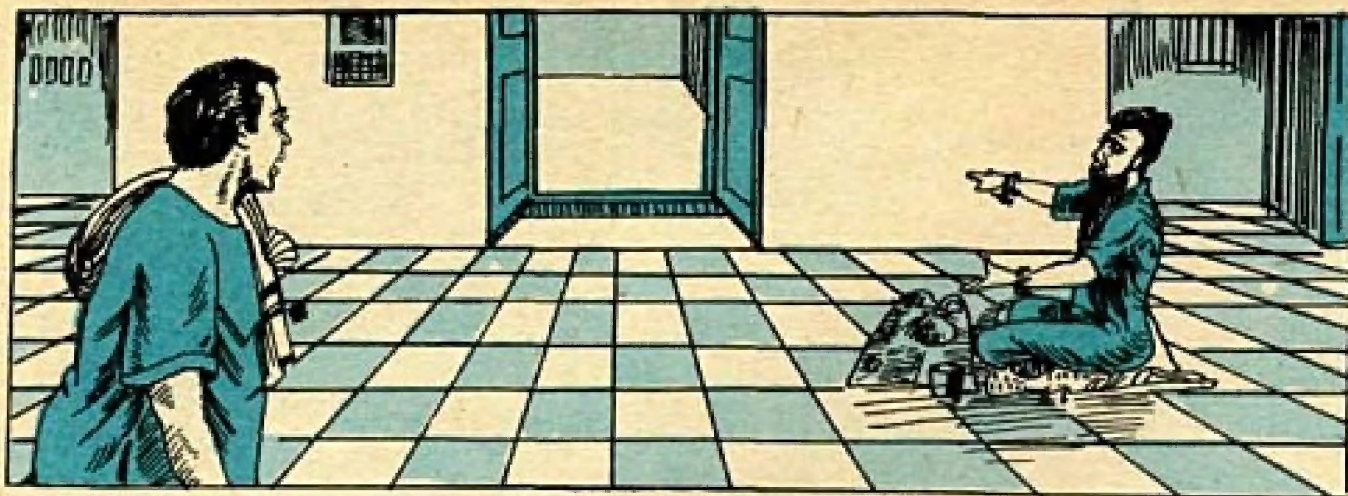




SPOT THE DIFFERENCES

Here is something new for you, children. A fascinating exercise every month for you to enjoy. You will find two pictures which look alike but differ in some aspects. All you have to do is to spot the ten differences and if you can find all the ten on your own, your rating is excellent; very good for eight; good for six and fair for five. Well, children, go ahead. (Sorry, my boys, no clue anywhere in the magazine). Write to me if you have enjoyed it.





VIRTUE REWARDS

In a certain city lived a merchant named Eknath. Though he had a lot of wealth he never gave anything to charity. But in the company of his friends and relations, he would pretend to be a great benefactor of mankind. In private, he drove away all who came to his house seeking alms.

One day, he was deep in conversation with some socially eminent men, when a hermit approached him for alms. Eknath in a loud voice ordered his servant to feed the hermit.

Now this servant was an old hand at Eknath's game. So he took the hermit to a corner, and putting a plantain leaf in front of him, served a tiny ball of rice. The hermit was

annoyed and said, "Hallo, What is this? Is this how you treat guests?"

So the servant ran to the front room which was now empty of visitors and acquainted his master of the hermit's anger.

Eknath came in and remarked hotly, "Look, here, you false prophet, how dare you question my servant! Eat what is served or go hungry."

The hermit replied, "Good man. I am on my way to the Himalayas to meditate. I saw your house and thought that I would be welcome here. If you are hospitable to holy men, a lot of good will come to you." But Eknath refused to listen to him and had him thrown out.

The hapless hermit staggered

out and walked down the road. He had hardly taken a few steps when Eknath's chef, a pious man, came running after him with some food in his hand.

"Holy Sir," he cried out. "I can't bear to see you treated thus. I have brought you some food. Eat so that you may not starve."

The hermit said, "I want none of that miser's food."

The chef said, "Holy Sir, This is my portion that I am offering you."

Then the hermit gladly accepted his offering and invited him to share the food with him. After the meal was over, the hermit looked upon the chef kindly and said, "My good man, you have done me a great service. For this, God will bless you. Now, do you see yonder mountain? There in the middle of a dark forest is a ruined temple. Go there and recite the Lakshmi prayer and you will inherit great wealth."

Then he went his way, and the chef returned home to be confronted by an angry looking Eknath.

"Where is that hermit?" asked Eknath. "He went that way," said the chef.

Eknath jumped up and pursued the holyman. The reason for his anxiety to get hold of the hermit was simple. That morning, Eknath had uncovered a jar full of gold pieces while digging in his garden. He had secreted the jar in a corner of his house, but when he went to look at it he was dumbfounded to find it empty. Thinking that the hermit had spirited the gold coins away through his magic powers, Eknath was now running after the holy man to wrest his wealth from him.

When he caught up with the hermit he bowed before the

The hermit gladly accepted the chef's offering





latter and said craftily, "Holy Sir, forgive me for my rudeness to you in the morning. Come back to my house, be my guest and bless me so that I may regain what I have lost."

The hermit smiled and said, "My hunger has been appeased. However, I shall do something for you. Do you see yonder mountain? There is the middle of a dark forest stands a ruined temple. Go there at night and recite the Lakshmi prayer and in the morning you'll have that which will make you happy."

Next day, Eknath set out for the distant mountains and carried some food with him.

Around midday, he sat down to eat under the comforting shade of a tree. Just then an old man came up to him and asked for a morsel of food. But Eknath drove him off with hard words.

Then an old woman accompanied by a child came up to him and said, "Sir, my little grandson is crying because he can't walk. I cannot carry him, as I am already supporting this load of firewood on my head. Could you carry him for me, please?"

Thoroughly irritated, Eknath shooed her away.

As he fell to eating again, a blind begger came up and said,



"Sir, I've lost my stick. Could you please help me to find it?" But Eknath refused to help him and set out for the distant mountains. On arriving at the foothills he saw the ruined temple and sat there all night reciting the Lakshmi prayer. Came the morning but Eknath saw nothing that even remotely resembled gold coins. So cursing the hermit heartily, he returned home. And the first thing he did was to sack his chef whom he blamed for all his misfortunes.

This poor chef had an old mother and a sister to support. Finding no other employment he remembered the old hermit's blessing. He too set out for

the distant mountains. His mother baked some cakes and gave him. Trudging along he chanced upon the old man to whom he gave his cakes. Then he carried the old lady and her grandson right up to her cottage and lastly helped the blind man to recover his lost stick.

Then he sat in the temple and recited the Lakshmi prayer devoutly. In the morning when he opened his eyes, he saw a bag full of gold coins lying in front of him. He returned home with the wealth and lived happily ever afterwards much to the envy of Eknath who to this day is still searching for the hermit to wreak his vengeance upon him.

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Tiny hid in the room and heard with curiosity what his parents planned to do.

TINY AND THE OGRE

Once there lived a poor woodman, who had seven sons. The youngest child was so small that he was nicknamed Tiny and everyone called him that, but although Tiny was so small, he was quick-witted and sharp.

The woodman was so poor, that he earned barely enough to feed his family. One year there was a famine and food became so scarce that the woodman did not know how he could find enough to keep himself and his family alive.

At last the day came when there was almost no food left. The woodman and his wife sent the children to bed and sat up talking, trying to decide what they should do. They agreed that the only thing left was to take the children deep into the woods, so that they could not find their way home and leave them there. They hoped that some kind person would find them and look after them.

Now Tiny heard his mother

and father whispering together and, filled with curiosity to know why they were so sad, he hid in the room and heard all that they planned to do.

Next morning, Tiny went down to the river. He picked out a lot of small white pebbles and filled his pockets with them. When their father took them for a walk in the forest, Tiny stayed right at the back. Every few steps, he dropped one of the white pebbles from his pocket.



The father led them deeper and deeper into the forest, where the trees were thickest and the narrow forest paths ran into each other like a maze.

Here, in the deepest part of the forest, they stopped for a rest and the children amused themselves by running races and playing games. They were so happy playing, that they did not notice their father slip silently through the trees and make his way back home.

Night came and the forest grew very dark. The boys were frightened, for they did not know where they were, or how to find their way back, but Tiny comforted them and told them all to follow him carefully. Following the trail he had made with the pebbles, he led them safely back home.

The woodcutter and his wife were sitting in their cottage, filled with grief at the thought of their children lonely and miserable in the forest and when the seven boys walked in, they were overjoyed and kissed and hugged them all, happy to have them back.

However, a few days later they were so hungry and miserable and there was so little food left in the larder, that the



Tiny climbed a tall tree to find any home nearby.

woodman and his wife decided there was no way they could feed their hungry children. They would have to take them to the forest for the second time and try to lose them.

Tiny heard all this, but when he tried to get down to the river to collect pebbles, he found the door locked and next morning their father set off very early.

Before they went, their mother gave each of them a piece of bread, the last they had in the house and Tiny put his bread in his pocket. He crumbled it up and as he walked along he dropped the crumbs on the ground behind him, laying a

trail for them to follow back to the cottage.

Again the father left his children while they were playing and made his way back to the cottage and when night fell, the boys realised they were alone, but hard as Tiny searched, this time he could find no trail back, for the birds, too, were hungry and they had pecked up every single crumb that Tiny had dropped.

There was nothing for it but to wander on through the forest, looking for shelter. Before long, the boys were tired and miserable and Tiny climbed a tall tree, to see if he could see a house anywhere near. From the top he saw a light. He scrambled back down the tree and the seven brothers ran towards the light. They soon came to a house and knocked on the door. A woman opened it and they asked her if she could give them food and shelter.

"Alas, my poor children, you don't know what you ask," she replied. "My husband is a terrible ogre and when he comes back, he will not give you anything to eat. He will eat you instead."

The boys were very frightened



at this, but they were very hungry and there was nowhere else to go, so Tiny said, "If you could give us something to eat now, we could be gone before your husband comes back."

The kind woman took pity on them. She took them inside the house and gave them bread and big bowls of soup, but

hardly had they finished eating when they heard the ogre's heavy footsteps approaching. Quickly, his wife hid the boys under the bed.

The ogre entered and he was as big as a mountain, with a mouth as wide as an oven and a voice that roared like thunder. As soon as he got in the room, he called, "Hum, hum, I smell little boys." His wife assured him there was no one there but he began looking here and there, and in no time at all he had discovered the seven little boys, shivering with fright under the bed.

He dragged them out and wanted to eat them at once, but his wife said they had not eaten for days and were too

Tiny put on the ogre's shoes.



thin and scraggy to roast. He had better wait and fatten them up.

The ogre grumbled, but agreed to wait at least until next morning and he made a fine meal of roast deer and plenty of wine. Then he went to bed and fell into a deep sleep, snoring like a pair of bellows, so that the house shook.

When he was fast asleep, Tiny crept out from under the bed. Gently he pulled off the ogre's boots and the wine made the ogre sleep so soundly that he never felt it. Tiny put on the boots, which were magic seven league boots, because at each step they covered seven leagues and in a few minutes the magic boots carried him to the King's palace. There, Tiny told the King about the terrible ogre in the forest, who terrified travellers.

The King ordered the army to march into the forest and kill the ogre, which they very quickly did. In the house they found gold and treasure which the ogre had stolen from travellers and the King was so pleased with Tiny for helping him to rid the country of such a terrible ogre, that he gave him a big bag of gold to take home.

When Tiny and his brothers arrived home with the big bag of gold, their parents were overjoyed. They had not had one happy moment since they had left the boys in the forest, for all the time they had been thinking about them.

With some of the gold, they bought enough food to feed all the family for many months and they all lived happily, for now they had enough money to keep them all in comfort for the rest of their lives.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

1. Which is the largest island in the world which is not a continent?
2. Which Indian City was once given as part of a queen's dowry?
3. What name is given to a person who collects postage stamps?
4. What is the speed of sound?
5. A number of cows is called a herd. What are the group terms for—Lions, geese, stars?
6. From which town in which country does the bayonet get its name?
7. Which country first adopted the metric system?
8. With which country do you associate the Kangaroo?
9. Which is the longest river in the world?

Now turn to page 45 and check your score!

NAME THE AUTHORS

1. The most cheerful author
2. The most fiery author
3. The quickest author
4. The most cruel author
5. The meekest author
6. The hardest author
7. The heaviest author
8. The most colourful author
9. The most shivering author
10. The most talkative author
11. The most holy author
12. The tallest author

12. Longfellow
11. Pope
10. Chatterton
9. Shakespear (Shakespeare)
8. Browning
7. Milton (Milton)
6. Steele
5. Charles Lamb
4. Wolfe
3. Swift
2. Burns
1. Samuel Smiles

ANSWERS

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here is an opportunity to win a cash prize!

Winning captions will be announced in the September issue



- * These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- * Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st July.
- * Write your entry on a post card, give your full name, address, age and post to :

**PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS-26.**

Result of Photo Caption Contest in May Issue

The prize is awarded to
**Mr. Pishu Rochirarp
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Winning Entry—'Loud and Shrill'—'Meek and Still'



A tall, cloaked figure came to Sherwood Forest seeking Robin Hood. In the outlaw's camp he defeated Little John in a wrestling match, and then Robin Hood challenged him to a friendly bout with staves.

To Robin's surprise, the stranger beat him after a stern contest. Robin asked the stranger bluntly, "Who are you?" The man stood very erect and suddenly threw off his cloak. Everyone could see that he wore chain mail with a royal tunic over it. "I am Richard, King of England," he declared.





For the first time Robin Hood had a clear view of his visitor's face and he recognized who he was—King Richard! He stepped forward and went down on one knee before his sovereign. "I am your loyal subject, sire," said Robin.

Richard was very grave. "Nobody knows I am in Sherwood Forest," he said. "I was told that you are a traitor to me, so I came to find out the truth." "We are all loyal men here, sire," said Robin. That evening King Richard sat with Robin and his men around the camp fire and learnt the true story of what Robert the Wolf and the evil barons had done.



Meanwhile, in Nottingham, Robert the Wolf was a worried man. Now that King Richard was back in England he fully expected to get orders from Prince John about plans for the future, but no word came. He called to his servant.



"Saddle my horse," he ordered. "I must ride to London to see Prince John." He could not understand why the Prince was doing nothing. "Something must be done at once if we are to snatch the crown from King Richard," he thought.

Straight to Prince John went Robert the Wolf and blurted out all that was in his mind. "What are we waiting for?" he asked. "We must kill Richard and destroy all the outlaws quickly or we will lose our hope of victory!"





Prince John looked miserable and hopeless. "It is easy to talk like that," he retorted. "But where is Richard? He has vanished completely and I don't know where he is." "But we must seize the throne now," exclaimed Robert the Wolf.

"We dare not act while we do not know where Richard is," replied Prince John. "He might be hiding close at hand and watching us all the time." "Listen to my plan," said the Baron. "Wait! Someone is coming," warned the Prince.



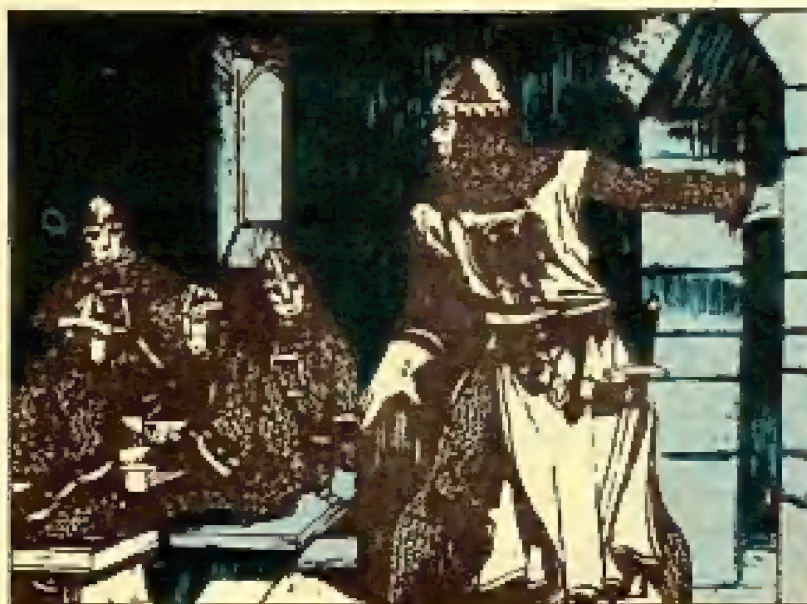
The sharp ears of the Prince had heard approaching steps and the next instant a young squire burst into the room. "Your Highness," he said, breathlessly, "the King is in Sherwood Forest with Robin Hood. A servant has told me."

"Robin Hood will tell him the truth. He will know what we have been trying to do and he will come back to destroy us," declared Robert the Wolf. "There is not a moment to lose. We must strike at once—and I know what to do."



Prince John would not listen. "I am afraid of Richard," he said. "It is too late!" Robert the Wolf was scornful. "You are a coward," he snapped. "I will never fight for you again. From now on I will fight for myself."

Robert the Wolf told his knights in Nottingham Castle: "King Richard is with Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest and Prince John has turned coward. The King will attack us, so we must go back to my castle at Normanton, now!"



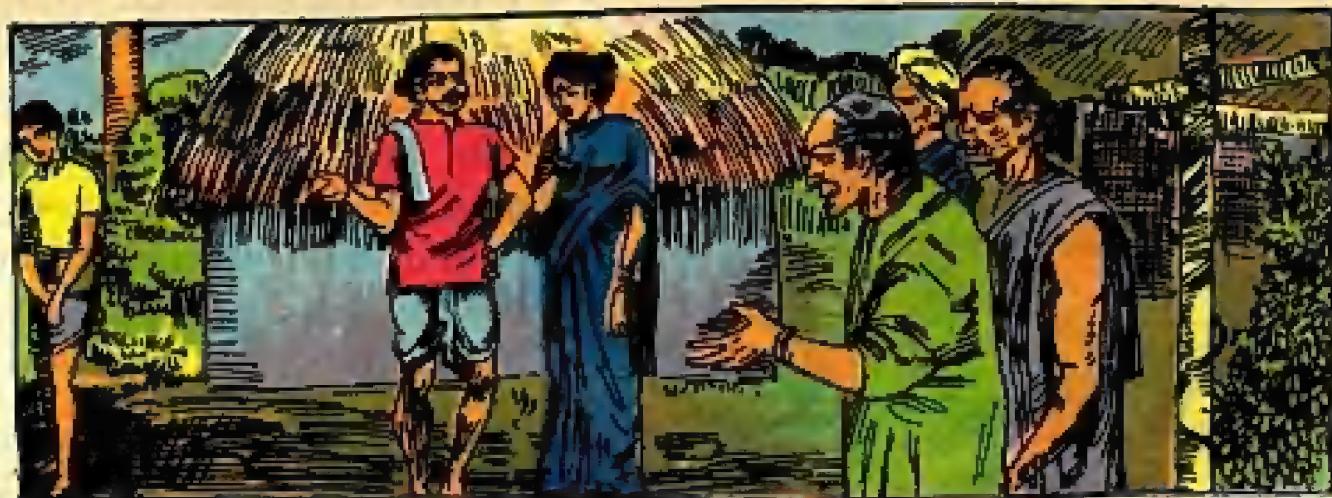


Robin Hood had told King Richard all that the Saxons had suffered at the hands of Robert the Wolf and the cruel Sheriff of Nottingham. "I believe every word you have said," declared Richard. "I will fight with you against these traitors." "Long live the King," yelled the outlaws and their cheers rang through the forest.



King Richard was a bold man of action. "The thing to do is to act quickly before the enemy expect us," he declared. "We are ready, sire," said Robin. "Will you lead us?" "No, Robin," smiled the King. "We will lead them together. Come on!"

ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN NEXT ISSUE



KING'S GIFT

In the city of Totapur lived a young man called Somnath. Though, he was very clever, he was also very lazy and did no work. He lived with his elder brother and sister-in-law who admired him for his wit, but were distressed by his lazy and indolent life.

One day his brother said, "Somnath, everyone in this city says you're a clever lad. Why don't you go to the King of this land, display your cleverness, and earn some reward?"

Somnath thought this a very good idea and set off for the King's court. Now this King honoured all scholars on his birthday by setting them riddles and rewarding those who succeeded in solving them.

That year, the King's birthday was celebrated with a lot of pomp and ceremony. Many scholars came to the court to display their knowledge. Among them was Somnath.

The King received them hospitably and then asked, "How many people in this land are truthful?"

In answer to this query, some opined that a hundred were truthful, some others two hundred and so on.

But Somnath said, "Your Majesty, the five thousand who serve you directly are the most truthful. You wouldn't employ them if they weren't."

The King thought this was the right answer. Then he asked again. "Where do I get the



Somnath answered the King's queries tactfully

dresses I like?"

Again some answered that his attendants selected his dresses and some others that the King got them as gifts from his obedient subjects.

But Somnath replied, "Your Majesty, the weavers weave the dresses you like."

The King was satisfied with this reply. Again the King queried. "Tell me a lie that no one will believe."

One scholar said that he flew in the air like a bird, another said that he saw the ocean ablaze, but Somnath said, "All the courtiers gathered here are

really donkeys.

Everyone laughed at this statement and even the King joined in the general merriment. Then the King presented each scholar a silken cloth and one gold Mohur and invited them all to the royal dinner that night.

At dinner time, all the courtiers and scholars sat down to eat in the fineries given to them by the King. But Somnath wore his own dirty dress as he had given the King's gift to someone else.

While all the others stuffed themselves greedily, he ate sparingly. In fact, he ate only a little bit of yogurt mixed with rice. The King did not fail to notice this and asked him pointedly, "Well, Somnath, why haven't you worn the new dress I gave you?"

Somnath replied humbly, "Your Majesty, I could wear my new dress to-day and feel happy about it. But I can't wear a new dress everyday. Again I may stuff myself with the royal repast you have served but that is not my lot in everyday life. I am far happier with the yogurt rice to which I am accustomed. After all, a taste for luxuries can be a fatal thing for a poor man like me."



So the King asked, "What did you do with the gold Mohur I gave you?"

"Your Majesty, I have preserved that because I shall give it to my brother who looks after my every want and is like a father to me."

The King rejoiced at Somnath's answer and admired his keen sense of responsibility. So he not only rewarded the good lad with a thousand gold Mohurs but appointed him to his court.



WHAT IS A RAINBOARD?

Assam is one of the wettest areas in the world; in fact, a place called Cherrapunji has probably the greatest rainfall on the Earth. Such wetness would put a stop to work in the ricefields unless there was a form of protection for the workers. In the Naga Hills, where most of the work is carried on by women, a kind of shield is worn on the back. Made of broad leaves pressed between layers of basketwork and bound with bamboo, it gives full protection.



The Ma

Once upon a time, there lived a poor shepherd who had one son. The boy's name was David and he and his father lived all alone in a tiny cottage on the slopes of a mountain. When David was old enough to look after the sheep, his father sent him out into the field. David had to keep an eye open for wolves in case they attacked the sheep and early each morning he would lead the sheep up to the lush green pastures, high on the mountainside. At mid-day, when the sun was at its hottest, he would take his meal of bread and honey to a nearby mountain stream and there, in

the shade of some bushes, he would eat his lunch. After he had eaten he slept for half-an-hour and then went back to tending his flock.

For several years David spent every day doing the same things, but one day, just at the beginning of Summer, he had a strange dream while he was sleeping under the bushes. He dreamt he had been travelling along a dusty road and suddenly he had heard the sound of money falling to the ground in a never-ending stream, just like a waterfall. Then he heard the sound of thunder, as though many guns were being fired in



gic Army

a great battle. Next he dreamt he saw a whole army of soldiers, all with gleaming rifles and swords, marching along and making a circle around him. David then walked up the mountainside and all the soldiers followed him and when he reached the top he saw a throne. He sat on the throne, a beautiful girl came and stood at his side and then David dreamt that he stood up and cried out, "I am the King of Spain."

At that moment he woke up and the dream was lost, but that evening, as he walked home with the sheep, he thought a

lot about it. When he reached the cottage he found his father outside, weaving baskets to sell in the market. David told him what he had dreamt and said, "If I dream that dream again I shall go to Spain. Who knows, they might make me king."

"You silly boy," replied his father. "Who would make you king of a country? You are just a poor shepherd lad."

The next day the shepherd boy did dream the same dream again and the day after that, too. That evening he took the flock back down the mountainside and after collecting his few belongings together and saying goodbye to his father, he strode off the road that led to Spain.

As night began to fall he found himself deep in the heart of a forest, so he stretched out beneath a large tree and was soon fast asleep.

Suddenly he was awakened by a great commotion and as he looked up he saw a group of men march past, talking very loudly. David got to his feet and moving as quietly as he could, he followed them. After a short walk the group of men came to a house, deep in the forest and after one of them had



knocked at the door, it was opened. The inside of the house was in darkness and David managed to slip in with the men, unnoticed. David followed the band of men down some stairs and when they came to a room and went in, he hid by the doorway.

One of the men lit a lantern and it was then that David realised that this was a robber's hide-out. Each one of the men went before their leader and told him what he had stolen that day.

The first robber said, "Today I stole a pair of leather trousers from a nobleman, but they were not ordinary trousers, for every time you turn the pockets inside out, golden coins pour from the linings."

A second robber said, "Today I stole a general's three-cornered hat but is not an ordinary hat. When you twist it round on your head it fires bullets from all three corners."

The third robber came before the leader and said, "I robbed a knight of his sword, but it is not an ordinary sword. If you plunge the point of it into the ground a whole regiment of soldiers will appear."

Finally, a fourth robber came forward and said, "I stole a traveller's boots today, but they are not ordinary boots. If you put them on you can cover seven miles with each stride."

The leader congratulated his men and told them it was time they rested.

All the magic things were put on a chair in the centre of the room and after blowing out the lantern, the robbers settled down to sleep. When David was quite sure they were all soundly asleep, he crept across the room and picked up the four magic things from the chair.

Once outside the door, David put on the trousers, the boots and the hat and buckled the sword on to his belt.

In just a few strides with the magic boots he reached Madrid, the capital of Spain. He stopped a passer-by and asked him the way to the best inn. After following the directions given to him he soon reached it, but the inn-keeper was most unfriendly until David produced some magic golden coins from the leather trousers.

The next morning he bought himself some of the finest clothes in the land and then

went to the palace to see if he could meet the King. As luck would have it, the King of Spain was trying to gather an army together, for another country was threatening to invade him. However, he was not having much success and when a court messenger told him that a young man, named David, had offered to help him, the King was only too glad to meet him.

As David entered the King's throne room a beautiful girl passed him and the court messenger told him that she was the King's daughter.

The King asked David what plan he had to defeat the enemy and David replied, "If I join your army and defeat the enemy, will you let me marry your daughter?"

It was a hard decision for the King to make, for he did not really want his lovely daughter to marry a poor shepherd boy, but he agreed. After all, if David failed, the Princess would not have to marry him and what could a poor shepherd lad do against a whole army of men?

Saying goodbye, David went out into the fields beyond the

City and there stuck the point of the magic sword, time and time again, into the ground. Each time, more and more soldiers appeared until, at last, there was a great army. Then mounting a horse, David led his army into battle.

When they met the enemy, David started turning his magic hat and bullets flew in all directions, killing many of the enemy soldiers. As his own soldiers were struck down he stuck his sword into the ground and more



came to his aid. At last the enemy fled, completely beaten and David and his soldiers returned to Madrid.

How the people cheered and clapped as he triumphantly rode into the City and there, at the palace, the King greeted him with open arms and tears in his eyes. It was indeed a great day for Spain.

Just as had been promised, the King's daughter married David and they went to live in a palace of their own.

Within a short time the King

decided he was now too old to rule his country, so David was crowned King.

Now that he ruled Spain, David sent for his father so that he could share in his new-found wealth and fame. The real cause of his success, of course, had been the four magic things, so David gave these back to the people from whom they had been stolen.

Then David and his wife and his father all went to live in the palace at Madrid and there he ruled happily.





MRIDUBHASHINI

Long long ago, there lived in the town of Devipur a merchant called Devraj. He had a son whose name was Nagraj. When the boy grew to manhood, the father wanted to celebrate his son's marriage to a good girl. He looked around for a suitable bride, but not finding one to his satisfaction went abroad with his family.

After some days he reached an Island on which lived the rich merchant Dharmagupta. His daughter Mridubhashini was a charming lass and Devraj thought she would make an excellent bride for his son. But when he broached the subject, Dharmagupta said, "Sir, I have only my daughter to keep me company in my old age. You live far away and soon after the

marriage, my daughter will part company with me. Therefore, I cannot accede to this request. There can be no marriage between your son and my daughter."

But Mridubhashini had fallen in love with Nagraj at first sight. His charm and gentle manners won her over completely. So when Devraj and Nagraj left the Island, she eloped with them.

On reaching Devipur, the wedding of Mridubhashini and Nagraj was celebrated with a lot of pomp and ceremony. The young couple began to live happily. Some months after this event, Devraj died and the responsibility of continuing with the business fell on Nagraj's shoulders. His friends and relatives invited him to accompany

them to Burma on a business trip.

But Mridubhashini was unwilling to let Nagraj go on the trip because she was secretly afraid that some other woman might charm her husband. But Nagraj was keen to go on the trip but he did not want to displease his dear wife.

To resolve this dilemma, he went to the temple of Lord Siva and for three days and three nights sat in deep meditation. In a vision, the deity appeared before him and giving him two lotus flowers said, "Give one to your wife and you keep one. Should any one of you be false to the other, this flower will fade away and lose its fragrance."

Mridubhashini was consoled by this and so she permitted her husband to go to Burma.

Nagraj reached Burma and soon made a lot of friends. Chief amongst them were four friends who were surprised to notice the lotus flower that bloomed always. As Nagraj would not satisfy their curiosity, they plied him with a lot of drink and in a state of drunkenness he blurted out the pact between him and his wife.

Now these four young men did not believe that any wife



could be so virtuous. They decided to prove her to be false. So they journeyed to Devipur and took with them a woman well versed in the seductive arts to seduce Mridubhashini.

But Mridubhashini was a clever and shrewd woman and she saw through their evil intentions. She decided to teach them a severe lesson. She prepared a seal with a dog's head. Then she caused each one of the traders to come to her house on an appointed day and plied him with drink. When he rolled on the ground senseless, she put the dog seal on his lips. Thus they were all branded but for shame of the incident each

one hid the fact from the other. Utterly dispirited and having failed in their evil enterprise they set sail for their own land of Burma.

When Mridubhashini related all to her mother-in-law, the latter said, "Daughter, you have done well. But I am afraid of what they might do to my son once they are in Burma." Mridubhashini replied, "True, I shall journey to Burma and make sure that my husband comes to no harm from these rascals."

So donning male garb, she went to Burma and passed herself off as a rich merchant from

He rolled on the ground senseless



Devipur. Then she presented herself before the King of the land.

"Oh! King," She said, "four of my slaves who were formerly of your court have deserted me. I request you to assist me in recapturing them."

The surprised King ordered all his courtiers to attend the court. Amongst those who came were the four evil men who now had their faces covered with silken cloth. Mridubhashini espied them and exclaimed loudly, "There they are, my slaves."

The King was taken aback by this and said, "But these four are the sons of prominent businessmen in my land. How did they become your slaves?"

Mridubhashini said, "Sire, if you examine their faces, you will find my dog's seal on their lips. As to how they became my slaves, do ask them to tell you!"

The King looked enquiringly at the four youngmen, but they could not raise their heads out of shame. The monarch realising that a story lurked behind these men's mishaps requested Mridubhashini to tell the court what had happened. So she gave a full account of their



misdeeds. When the court heard this they roared with laughter and praised Mridubhashini for her ingenuity and resourcefulness.

Then the King said, "Truly,

they are your slaves." But the four had to pay a huge ransom before they could be released. Laden with a lot of wealth Mridubhashini and Nagraj returned to Devipur and lived happily ever afterwards.



IS THERE AN ANIMAL WITH NO VOICE?

The giraffe has no voice but it does have a faint whistle. Why Nature did not give the giraffe a voice is not known of course, but it more than makes up for its lack of sound by the power of its body and the strength of its kick which can drive off a lion. A full-grown giraffe can have a 7ft. neck and be 18ft. tall. It lives mostly in open country.



A Clever And Resourceful Woman

There lived in the village of Singampatti, a farmer's daughter called Kali. She became a widow at an early age and had to support her only son Mari.

This peasant woman was shrewd and clever. No one could put anything over her. One day, she went to the neighbouring village of Panaimarappatti to buy a milch cow. Her little son accompanied her. As she was leaving her house, her neighbour Meenakshi called out to her and said, "If you visit my mother's house she'll help you to get a good cow. Please tell her to send me a tin of good soapnut powder. I've already written to her." Kali promised to do her bidding.

The way to the next village was long and tedious and the sun blazed overhead mercilessly. Rather tired out, mother and son rested under a tree. Just then they saw a man carrying a bunch of bananas. Kali stopped him and said, "Brother, we are very hungry. Please give us two fruits. We'll pay you."

The banana seller wanted to make a big profit on the sale of the fruits. So craftily he said, "Such fruits cost about twenty-five paise apiece."

Kali thought the price was too high. So she refused to buy the fruit and started walking away. Then an idea struck her, and whispering something into the ears of her son, retraced her

steps to the tree where the banana seller rested.

"All right I'll buy the fruits. My son is very hungry. Give me two please," she said. So the fruit seller sold them two fruits and pocketed the money.

Kali and Mari began to walk, when suddenly the boy rolled on the ground and clutched his stomach in great agony. At once Kali raised a big outcry.

"My God! that fellow has sold me some poisonous fruits. My son is dying. Help!" Hearing her loud voice, some workers from a nearby farm came running up. The fruit seller frightened out of his wits by this accusation ran off dear for life, leaving the clusters of bananas behind.

The workers came up and enquired what had happened.

Kali exclaimed in righteous anger. "That rascal a fruit seller nearly poisoned my darling son, and then attacked us. Thank God, all of you came up on hearing my cries for help. I am so grateful to you. Here, each one of you can have a nice banana as a reward."

Then she took up the cluster of bananas, gave some to the workers and took the rest with



The boy rolled on the ground and Kali raised a big outcry

her.

She reached the village of Panaimarappatti and Meenakshi's mother directed her to a certain Murugayyan who sold good cows to the farmers.

When Kali went to the latter's house and stated her request, he showed her a milch cow and said, "This cow can easily give you more than a seer of milk. It will cost you seventy five rupees."

Kali liked the look of the animal and so quickly counted out the money.

Murugayyan noticed in passing that she still had

twenty five rupees left in her tiny bag. That night he bade them welcome to his house and gave them a good dinner. He also permitted them to sleep in his courtyard. At night, Kali was awakened by the sound of voices drifting through the open window. She got up noiselessly and went near the window. Murugayyan was talking in soft tones to his wife.

"This woman Kali has twenty five rupees tucked away in her little bag. I'll get hold of it this night."

When Kali heard this she tucked the bag out of sight in the folds of her saree and pretended to be fast asleep. Murugayyan tip-toed up to her and searched all over but he could not find the bag.

He returned to his room in great disappointment and his wife asked him whether he had got the money. He said, "No, But -I know how to lay my hands on the money."

In the meanwhile, Kali went to the cattle shed and untying two of the best cows drove them out into the night. Hearing the restless lowing of the cows, Murugayyan and his wife rushed out and saw the cows ambling away. Both of them rush-

ed after the cows, each one in a different direction. In the meantime, Kali nipped into their room and rummaging through Murugayyan's money chest, found the stack of notes she had earlier on given to him. Quickly stuffing them in the folds of her saree, she went back to her bed.

Next day, Kali told Murugayyan that she would drive her cow home. He said, "Very well. You can take the cow, but you'll have to pay me an extra twenty five rupees because I've had to put it up for the night and feed it."

Without a word Kali counted out the money from her bag and Murugayyan noticed with some satisfaction that it was now empty. Little did he dream that the balance of the money was tucked away in her saree.

Kali, driving the cow before her went to Meenakshi's mother and asked for the tin of soap-nut powder to take back to her daughter. The tin was brought and seemed rather heavy.

Kali began her long trek home and on the way, she rested under the same tree. She noticed a heavy aroma coming from the tin and curiosity getting the better of her, opened it.



What was her amazement to find not soapnut powder, but rows on rows of sweets made from pure ghee! The truth was that Meenakshi had really meant the sweets but had used the code words soapnut powder, which her mother understood correctly. They did not want Kali to find out that the tins actually contained sweets.

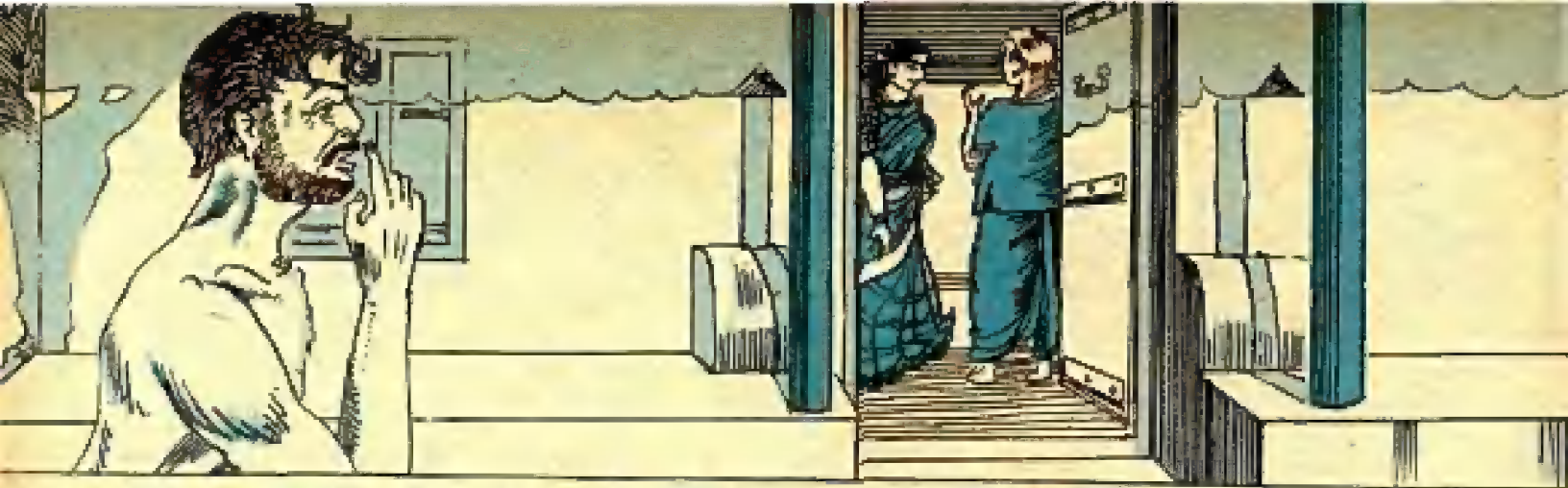
When Kali realised their true intentions, she and her son soon polished off the sweets and buying some soapnut powder filled the tin to the brim.

Back in the village, Kali

delivered the tin to Meenakshi with the remark that the latter's mother had sent a lot of soapnut powder.

Meenakshi trembled with joy because her mother was a good cook and prepared really delicious sweets. She took the tin, forgot to thank Kali for her kindness and locking herself up in her room eagerly opened the tin and was assailed by the thick aroma of the soapnut powder!

Thus Kali proved resourceful right up to the end and was always one up in all matters.



A Beggar Turns Servant

Govind was a beggar newly arrived in the city of Pudupet. Though he changed his disguise cleverly each day, no one gave him alms and most of the time he went about hungry and miserable.

One day he went to the house of Krishnan, a man about town who pretended to be wealthy but was in fact very poor. That day his married daughter was leaving home with her newly acquired husband. Krishnan felt that he could not reveal his true status to his son-in-law. So he called his wife and said,

"Shouldn't there be a servant in the house when son-in-law arrives? If we don't sport a servant our status may be suspect."

His wife replied, "True. Tomorrow our son-in-law arrives. The day after he'll leave. Till then we need a servant. So go and fetch one."

But though he searched high and low, Krishnan could not get a temporary servant because no one believed him and his neighbours thought that as usual he was being a prattler.

Govind the beggar thought this an excellent opportunity to earn some money. Next day in the morning he put on the garb of a servant and stood near the door of Krishnan's house.

Soon afterwards the son-in-law arrived in a horse carriage, and Govind ran to get the luggage. Ram, the son-in-law, thought that Govind was Krishnan's servant and so allowed him to carry all the luggage into the house. Krishnan on the other hand, thought that Govind was Ram's servant.

Govind was well looked after by Krishnan's household and as the servant of the son-in-law,

was given all kinds of presents. He ran errands efficiently and as a reward received a lot of money from Krishnan who thought it proper to honour his son-in-law's attendant. Next evening Ram set off for his home, and Govind brought a hackney carriage to take him to the Railway Station. Krishnan gave the beggar five rupees and some clothes to wear.

When the carriage began to move, Ram's wife said, "What about your servant? Isn't he coming with us?"

Ram looked surprised and asked, "Isn't he your servant?"

I thought he was employed by your father!"

When she shook her head and replied in the negative, Ram realised that someone had duped them and taken advantage of his newly acquired status.

Meanwhile, Krishnan happily perceived that Govind was going a separate way and thought to himself that all's well that ends well. Atleast he didn't have to employ a servant as his new son-in-law had brought his own. As for Govind his ruse had worked and he received a lot of gifts for his labour.



ANSWERS

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. GREENLAND | 5. PRIDE, GAGGLE, GALAXY |
| 2. BOMBAY | 6. BAYONNE, FRANCE |
| 3. A PHILATELIST | 7. FRANCE |
| 4. 760 m. p. h. | 8. AUSTRALIA |
| 9. THE NILE | |



Ulysses And The

Long ago, there lived a King called Ulysses. (Say Yoo-li-sees) He was King of the little island of Ithaca, just off the coast of Greece. Ulysses was strong and brave and a good fighter, but most of all he was clever and daring and always one for thinking up cunning schemes to defeat his enemies.

One day, all the princes of Greece gathered a great army and went to make war on the city of Troy, far across the sea. Ulysses went with them. The siege lasted ten years, for Troy was a hard city to capture, but at last the fighting was over and Ulysses and all the other princes were able to return home.

Ulysses and his men set sail in their twelve ships to return home to Ithaca.

One day, after many days of

sailing over peaceful seas, Ulysses and his men saw an island far away in the distance. As they came nearer they could see that it shone in the sunlight and then they saw that it had a great cliff of bronze and on top was a palace.

The sailors anchored and waded to the shore and, with Ulysses at their head, they made their way to the great palace, hoping to find some kind person who would give them food and provisions for their ships.

The palace was the home of Aeolus, King of the Winds, and when they entered the great hall, they saw him sitting there on his throne, surrounded by his sons and daughters.

"Welcome, noble Ulysses," said the old King and Ulysses was surprised at being greeted



Winds

by name. Then the King told him who he was. "I am Aeolus, King and god of all the winds," he said. "I have charge of the gentle breezes that blow the fishermen back to the shore and also the raging gales which blow even great ships before them and batter them against the rocks. All these obey my commands." He prepared a feast for the travellers and gave them food and shelter for a month, so that they could rest and repair their ships, which had been battered by fierce gales.

When Ulysses was satisfied that his ships were ready to put to sea again, he went to King Aeolus. "It will grieve me to leave you, for you have been a good friend," he said, "but it is time we were on our way back

to our home of Ithaca once more."

King Aeolus was sorry to see Ulysses go, for he liked the brave warrior and enjoyed listening to his tales, but he understood their great desire to see their homes again, after ten years. "To show you how much I have enjoyed your visit," said King Aeolus, "I will make you a present. I will give you this leather bag."

Ulysses looked in surprise at the dirty old leather bag, but Aeolus went on, "Do not be surprised. It is the finest gift I can give you. Inside it, tied up, are all the stormy winds which might hinder your return if they were allowed to blow. Tell no man what this leather bag contains and let no man touch it, for if it is opened, the fierce winds will escape and drive you far from your home." The bag was tied with a silver cord and only the gentle, warm



West Wind, which would blow Ulysses straight home to the island of Ithaca, was let out.

Ulysses and his companions set sail once more on the last stage of their long journey home and always Ulysses kept the bag by his side. For nine days and nights they sailed, with Ulysses always at the helm, guiding the ship. The helmsman, whose duty it was to steer the ship, became angry and suspicious, for he thought that Ulysses no longer trusted him.

On the tenth day, as dawn

broke over the sea, the look-out saw the outline of shadowy mountains in the distance. He cried out to the sailors that he had sighted Ithaca and, overjoyed, they rushed to tell Ulysses, but Ulysses, worn out with steering the ship day and night, had fallen asleep where he stood at the wheel and the sailors could not wake him.

Soon they were so close that they could see fires being lit on the shore. The sailors all began to prepare to land and there was great rejoicing at the thought that they would see their homes once more, but one sailor suddenly had an idea. "Before we land," he said, "why don't we look inside that mysterious leather bag which Ulysses always keeps by his side? There is probably a great treasure inside it, given to him by King Aeolus. Why should we not have a share in it?"

The rest of the sailors gathered round and one of them cut the silver cord which was fastened so tightly. As they opened the bag, all the stormy winds burst out and they blew so fiercely that the sea became a raging fury. The strong winds fought each other and as they did so they created

huge waves in the sea, which tossed the ships here and there, tearing the sails, snapping the masts and washing men overboard. As the ships were driven along by the winds, Ithaca soon disappeared from sight and before long they had been blown into unknown seas.

Ulysses, awakened by the fierce storms, could hardly get to his feet, for the winds were so strong. He had to cling to the deck until the winds died away and the sea became calmer.

After a while, the ships once more reached the island where King Aeolus lived, but this time King Aeolus would not let them land for he was afraid that there was a curse of the gods on them and they would bring bad luck to him and his people. Instead he drove them away. "You are the most unlucky man living," he called to Ulysses. "It is obvious that the gods must hate you."

Ulysses sailed on, not knowing where he was going, for seven days and nights, until land was sighted. The ships had reached a harbour with a narrow entrance and steep rocks on either side of it.

The men in the other ships

with Ulysses, pleased to reach the safety of a harbour after the terrible storms, sailed right inside, but Ulysses was more cautious. He did not know what the people were like, whether they would be friendly or unfriendly, so he tied his ship to a rock outside the harbour, so that he could leave quickly if he needed to. Then he sent three of his men ashore, to see who lived there.

They found a young girl, drawing water at a well just outside the town and she told



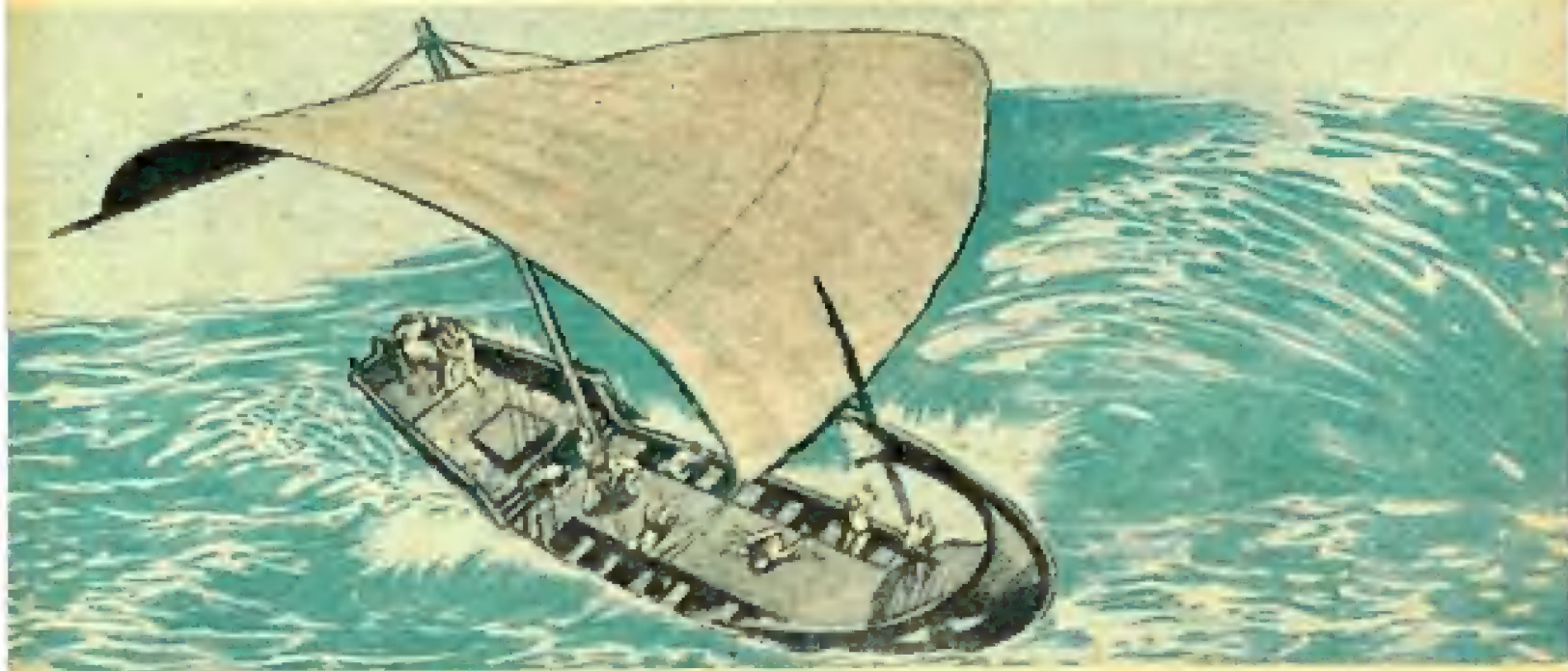
them she was the daughter of the King. She led them to her father's palace, but to their horror, they discovered that he was a dreadful giant. He seized one of the men, meaning to kill him and the other two fled back to the ships as fast as they could go. The ships prepared to leave the harbour, but all the people ran from the city and lined the tops of the cliffs, hurling huge boulders down on to them as the sailors tried to row away.

Seeing this, Ulysses drew his sword and cut the rope which

fastened his ship to the rock. His crew rowed with all their might and they were able to escape, but the eleven other ships, which had anchored in the harbour itself, were all sunk and their men drowned.

Sad at the death of their friends, Ulysses and his companions rowed away, hoping that in some way, they would be able to find their way back home to Ithaca, but Ulysses was to have many more adventures before he finally reached home.

The stormy winds burst out of the bag and blew so fiercely that the sea became a raging fury.





MAHABHARATA

The story so far.....

When Duryodhana did not respond favourably to his father's entreaties, the assembled kings knew that it is going to be war. On Dhritarashtra's request Sanjay described him the strength of Pandavas and said that his son could never defeat them as Lord Krishna and Arjuna were both divine reincarnations. Impressed by Sanjay's observations Dhritarashtra felt that Duryodhana should make peace with them.

Yudhisthira spoke to Lord Krishna about the attempts made by Dhritarashtra to make peace with them without giving even five villages, leave alone the entire property. Lord Krishna expressed

his own doubts about their sincerity to establish peace but said that he would attempt to bring them around. Bhima said that he too wanted peace so that the entire race may be saved from destruction. When Arjuna doubted whether the Kauravas would appreciate his peace efforts, Lord Krishna said that as long as Sakuni and Karna advise Duryodhana, he would never see reason. Satyaki supported Sahadeva's contention that preparations must be made for war. Draupadi said revenge must be taken against Duryodhana and Duhsasana. Sensing Duryodhana's cruel moves the Lord sped to Vrihasthala well armed.

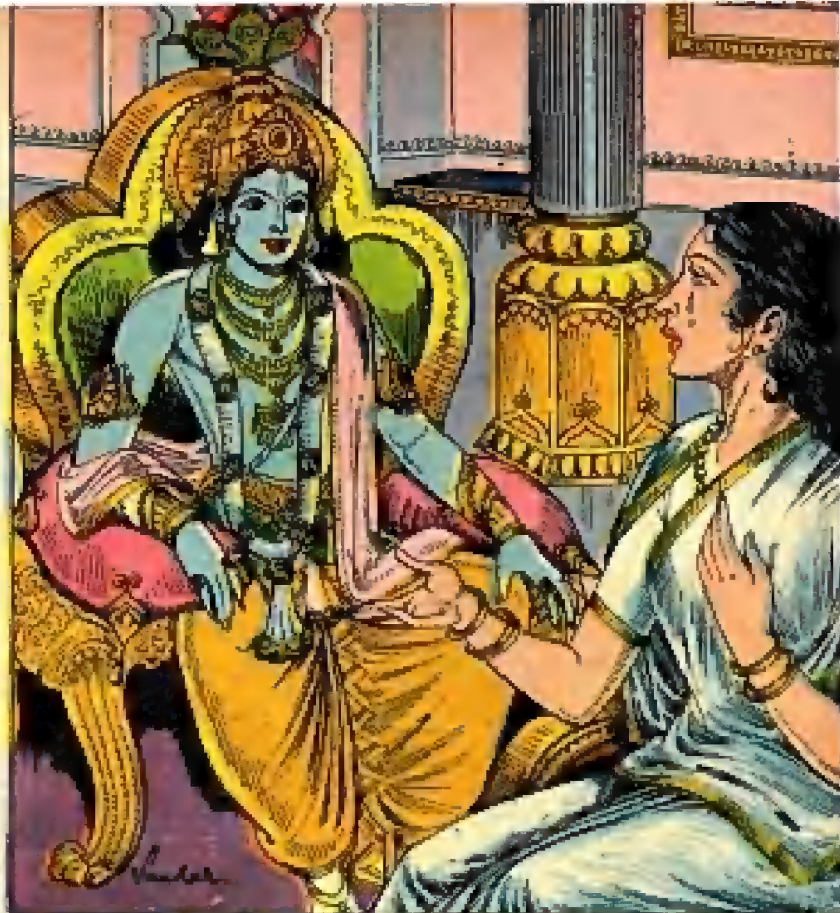


When Dhritarashtra, heard about Lord Krishna's impending arrival at Hastinapura, he called Bhishma, Drona, Vidura, Sanjaya and Duryodhana to him and said, "Lord Krishna is coming to see us. Make sure that proper hospitality is accorded to him all along the route of his journey."

So the route from Hastinapura to Vrihastala was gaily decorated and coloured festoons were hung out. Cosy shelters were erected at each stop. But Lord Krishna drove straight on to Hastinapura, where he was received hospitably by Bhishma, Drona, Duryodhana and a host of dignitaries.

Lord Krishna went to the royal court and was accorded a warm welcome by the Peers who stood up to mark their great regard for him. Dhritarashtra requested him to sit on the golden throne. The Lord of Dwaraka conversed with everyone and afterwards went to Vidura's palace where he met Kuntidevi. She spoke eagerly to Lord Krishna.

"How my sons must have suffered in their exile in the forest! And yet fate has decreed that I should tarry here in the midst of royal splendour



Kuntidevi began to weep and Lord Krishna consoled her while my children went about like savages! How are they? Bhima? Arjuna? Nakula and Sahadeva? I know that Yudhishtira can take care of himself. Poor Draupadi! How she must have suffered! Marriage to the Pandavas has not brought any happiness to her!"

Kuntidevi began to weep, and Lord Krishna consoled her somewhat.

"Don't worry. No harm has come to them. Soon they'll be here and you will be able to rejoice in their company."

Later he called on Duryodhana who was reclining on a throne resplendent with the



finest jewels. Duhsasana, Karna and Sakuni, stood round him. When they saw the Lord of Dwaraka, they made their obeisances to him and invited him to sit on an ornamental chair. Lord Krishna spoke to them gently and at the end of the day took his leave. Thus he visited in turn all the Kaurava Kinsmen and finally returned to Vidura's palace.

At night Lord Krishna attended the lavish banquet given in his honour by Vidura. There Vidura said, "Krishna, I am not sure much good will flow from your visit to Hastinapura. After all, what can you expect from Duryodhana? He is cons-

tantly thinking of War. How can we ever talk of Peace? Karna keeps dinning into the ears of Duryodhana that he can rout the Pandavas hosts, all by himself. Of course, Duryodhana has gathered round him a mighty army. Probably the Kaurava army is superior in numbers to the Pandava forces. Therefore, it is not surprising that he thinks he is invincible. Many Kings have come from afar to lend their support to him. I wish that you would not go to the court to talk of peace. I do not doubt your great powers, but it makes me unhappy to see you pit your wits against such wicked men."

Lord Krishna smiled benignly at these words, "True friends speak only the better truth. Although I know my words will be unwelcome, at least I must try my best to bring about peace. Why should there be needless slaughter on both sides? For fear that people will accuse me of not stopping this bloodshed, I have come here to talk peace. Moreover, I am not afraid to speak my mind out in the court. Peace efforts must be continued and ultimately all will depend on Duryodhana's attitude."

Having said this Lord Krishna retired for the night.

Next day while the divine emissary was at his bath, Duryodhana and Sakuni arrived to take him to the royal court where Dhritarashtra was awaiting him.

Lord Krishna got into the chariot driven by Daruka and sped towards the court where he was royally received. Entering the court, he took his seat near Vidura, while Duryodhana and Karna were seated across from him. Everyone was eager to hear what Lord Krishna had to say.

Then he addressed Dhritarashtra. "Oh! King. I have come here to establish peace between the Pandavas and the Kauravas. The race of Kuru is ancient and honourable. Its members are renowned for their sagacity and wisdom. Now you are the elder Statesman of that race. All must listen to you and act accordingly. Your sons are guilty of grave misdeeds. You must be aware of that. If they continue to act as irresponsibly as they have been doing, then the entire Kaurava race must accept the blame for that. Therefore counsel them well and stop this War which if allowed to begin may ultimately destroy this world."



Lord Krishna paused and looked around the eager assembly that was listening to his words with rapt attention.

"Dhritarashtra! After all who are the Pandavas? They are the children of your own brother. They are brothers to the Kauravas. If their just demands are not met terrible consequences will flow. The responsibility for that rests with this court. Therefore, think well, and decide what it is going to be—War or Peace!"

Lord Krishna ceased speaking and a deep silence reigned throughout the court. No one ventured to express an opinion. Then Parasurama got up and said, "Oh! King, let me relate a short tale. If you can follow

the moral in that story, you will benefit immensely.

Long ago, there was a King called Dambothbhavan. He went around challenging all and sundry to defeat him in combat. Then some brahmins said, "Oh! King, you should not boast so, Don't you know, Pride goeth before a Fall?"

But all this fell on deaf ears and the King did not stop his boasting.

So they said, "Very well, Go and challenge Nara and Narayana. They are mighty warriors and have vanquished all those who dared to oppose them. Now they are deep in meditation on mount Gandhamadana. Go and fight them."

So the King took his army along and challenged Nara and Narayana. The latter advised the King not to resort to War but to allow them to meditate in Peace. But the King was

adamant and aggressive and at last wearying of patience, Nara took a blade of Kusa grass and chanting some spells over it, threw it at the army of the King. At once, the army was defeated and the soldiers killed. Thereupon Dambothbhavan fell at Nara's feet and humbly beseeched his pardon. Nara pardoned him and said, "Oh! Foolish King, Give up your vanity. Go and rule over your people wisely,

Parasurama ended this tale of Dambothbhavan and said, "Oh! King, Nara was immensely powerful and Narayana was a hundred times stronger. Those two, Nara and Narayana have been reborn as Arjuna and Krishna. Therefore, accept, Peace before Arjuna notches an arrow to his bow. On the battlefield, none can vanquish Arjuna and Krishna. Therefore give up all thought of War and make peace with the Pandavas."





FOUR FRIENDS

Malayasimha was the Prince of the Maruda Kingdom. His friends were Gunasila, the Minister's son, Jayasena, the General's son and Dhanapal, the Merchant's son. All four were classmates in the Royal Academy and after finishing their studies, set out to see the world.

When they reached the land of Jasmine Flowers, Malayasimha fell in love with the Princess of that Kingdom and she with him. The young Prince wanted to marry her.

She said "Lord, I have three friends, one is the daughter of our General, another the daughter of the Minister and the third, the daughter of a diamond merchant in our land. My wedding must coincide with theirs. Un-

less suitors are found for them, I can't marry you."

The Prince told her about his friends and the happy Princess agreed to marry him. So it came to pass that four weddings were celebrated in a grand manner, and the four couples came to live in the Kingdom of Maruda.

Some days later, the old King of Maruda died and Malayasimha was crowned the new King of the land. At once, he appointed his three friends to the posts of General, Minister and Keeper of the royal treasury.

All four wives reached the advanced stage of motherhood. One day, all of them were conversing happily on the terrace



of the palace when the King saw an eagle alight near him. His surprise was greater when it began to speak to him.

"Your Majesty," said the bird, "in a few days four children will be born to you and your friends. But there is an evil spell on all the four wives, because as little girls they had been guilty of torturing tiny birds. As they rejoice at the sight of their new born babes, the latter will die. For twelve long years they will have to endure this spell. After that it will be lifted." Then the eagle flew away.

When Malayasimha relayed all this to his friends, they were all plunged into sorrow. Finally

they decided to separate the children soon after birth and bring them up in a distant place. The children would be recalled after the expiry of twelve years.

Soon after birth, the new born babes were removed to a place of safety where they grew up as bright young lads. Twelve years passed in this manner. But suddenly a new and more difficult problem arose. The children had been separated from their parents even before the latter had had time to identify them. Twelve years later the problem assumed the size of a giant headache. Which lad was the Royal Prince, which one the General's son, the Minister's son and the Merchant's son?

Even the children had been brought up in total ignorance of their parentage. Unable to resolve this dilemma, the King decided to consult an old Minister of the realm, the father of the present incumbent, who had now retired and was living in seclusion.

The Minister listened in silence to their problem and then said, "A knotty problem indeed. But there is a way. Let us test their natural abilities.

Each lad must undergo a severe test to prove himself. In this way, we can easily find out something about their inherited traits."

Then the old Minister sent four old men to the lads and instructed them to bring each youngster to the capital, one at a time.

The first old man went to the teacher who taught the lads and informed him of the King's request to send the lads one by one to the city. So first, one set out accompanied by an old man. As they were passing through a thick forest, a dacoit ambushed them, but the brave lad fought bravely and finally disarmed the robber. Then he spoke to the fallen robber. "I forgive you for your crime. Go free for this time, but if you persist in your crime, you'll be severely punished." The dacoit ran off and the two continued their journey to the capital. When the Minister heard what had happened, he gave the lad over to the King by saying that he was the royal heir to the throne.

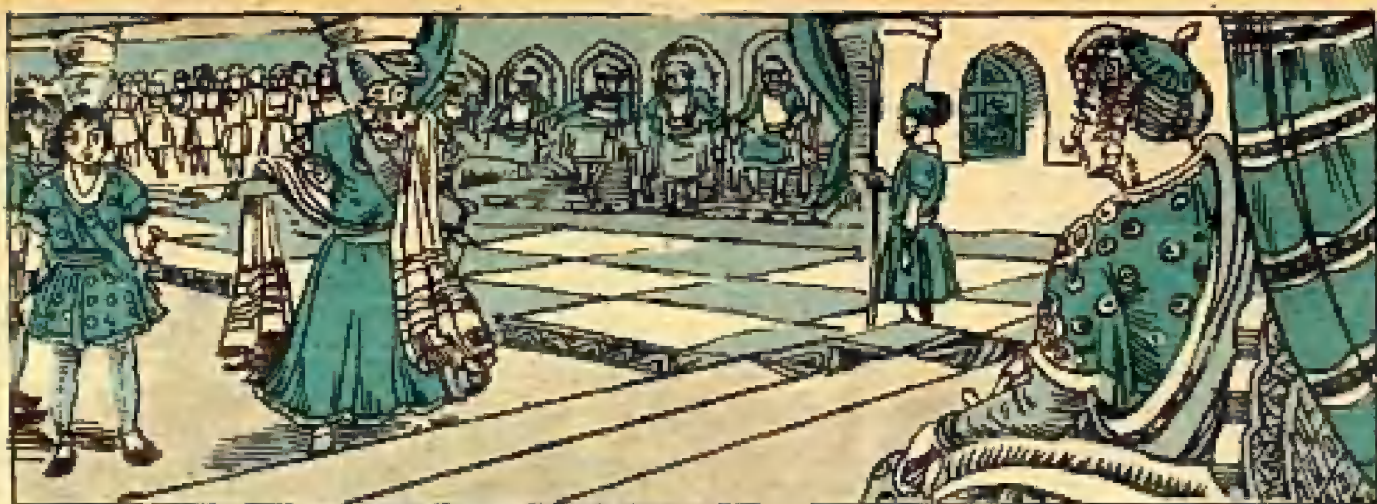
The second lad set out from the hermitage accompanied by another old man. While they were passing through a dense



jungle a robber way-laid them. At this the lad remarked, "Of what use is it to waylay us. We have no money on us. You should steal only from those who possess something."

At these words, the robber left them and went his way. When the lad and his attendant reached the Capital and related all to the Minister, he led the youngster to his son, the present Minister, by saying that the boy was his own grandson.

The third lad similarly escorted was passing through a forest when his keen eyes saw the approach of a dacoit and quickly he bade the old man hide himself, while he himself climbed a tree to escape detections.



When the Minister heard about this he declared that the lad was none other than the son of the Keeper of the Treasury.

The fourth lad was also ambushed by a lone dacoit, but drawing his sword he fought so severely that the robber ran off without continuing the fight.

Brushing himself the brave lad said, "If only I had caught the robber, I would have hauled him before the King."

Then the old man and the

boy reached the Capital and an account of the adventure was duly given to the Minister who declared that the boy was the son of the General of the army.

Thus the old Minister restored each son to the bosom of his parents by discovering his innate qualities. The children were overjoyed to be united with their parents, and the King rewarded the old Minister handsomely for his wisdom and sagacity.





WHAT PRICE A DREAM?

Long ago there lived a youth named Shanmugam. He lived with his mother and brothers in a hamlet. While his elder brothers toiled all day long and earned money, he did nothing. He spent his time dreaming of this and that.

His mother was vexed to see him idling his time. One day she spoke sharply to him. "Why, you good for nothing fellow, you waste your time so. Why don't you go out into the world and earn your living?"

Shanmugam replied grandly, "Mother, you worry too much. Don't you know that I am the dreamer of dreamers. No other pleasure can equal that."

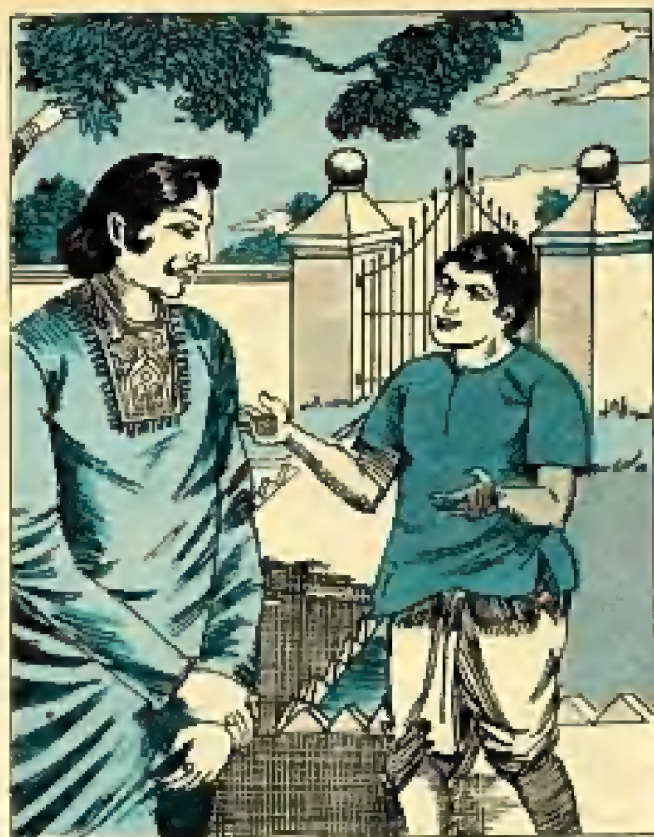
His mother was annoyed to hear this. "Why, you waster," she cried, "feeding you is a lot

of waste. Of what use are your dreams? Can you turn them into money?"

Shanmugam flushed at the contempt in her voice. "Very well, I shan't bother you any more with my presence. I'll go out and sell my dreams to those who'll buy them. I'll become rich and you won't be able to scold me then."

So he left the Village and went to the manor of a Lord who lived there. There he saw the Lord about to go somewhere. He accosted him and said, "My Lord, my name is Shanmugam. I am the maker of Dreams. I have come to sell you my dreams. I hope you'll buy them and be benefited."

The Lord was secretly amused to hear this simpleton's words.



He had seen many eccentrics in his life, but none like this fool who offered to sell his dreams. But he was a kindly man and did not want to be brusque with the lad, so he said, "Dreams for sale, Eh! What price do you charge for a dream?"

Shanmugam overjoyed at this quick response to his offer, said very simply, "Sir, you must feed me well. Then only can I dream dreams. You can pay me what you like for each dream."

The Lord said, "Very well, I'll feed you until you burst. For every dream that you relate, I'll pay you twelve paise. Let

me hear four dreams and I'll give you fifty paise."

But Shanmugam said, "Twelve paise per dream is not much. I can't go home on less than a rupee. Therefore pay me twenty five paise for each dream.

Laughingly the Lord agreed to this proposal. Now this Lord was a widower who had a son. A daughter had been born in the family, but a few years ago, he had lost her in a fair. To forget his sorrows the Lord was wont to indulge in such pastimes which gave him some mental peace.

That night Shanmugam ate a hearty meal and slept like a log. Next morning he went to the Lord and said, "Sir, I dreamt that a gaily coloured parrot flew into your garden and made its nest in the guava tree. You caught the bird and put into the cage and it began to talk to you."

The Lord dashed off to the garden and sure enough there was a lovely looking parrot perched upon the guava tree. He caught it and put it into a cage and it began to talk to him.

That afternoon, after a heavy lunch, Shanmugam slept and when he awoke, the Lord asked him about his second dream.

So the lad replied, "I dreamt that a hound strayed into your garden and you fed it with choice bits of meat. The hound remained here and guarded your manor faithfully."

And so it happened. A hound was caught in the garden and the Lord made it his pet. From that day the hound remained there and proved to be an excellent watch dog.

Next morning, Shanmugam again came to the Lord and said, "Sir, last night I dreamt that several jars full of gold coins are buried under the banyan tree hording your fields."

The Lord ran to the tree and after some frantic digging uncovered a treasure hoard of gold coins. He was so happy at this windfall that he came to Shanmugam and said, "Lad, I'll give you fifty paise for this dream."

Shanmugam replied, "Sir, give me my rupee and I'll go home right now." The Lord said, persuasively, "Why lad, dream some more and I'll give you two rupees to take home."

The simple lad agreed, and after spending another night at the manor, said to the Lord, "Sir, I dreamt that two miles from your house, as the crow



flies, lies a temple. Close by is a solitary cottage. An old dame and her lovely daughter live there. I went there, and the old woman asked me to marry her daughter. I agreed and we were married straight away."

The Lord listened attentively and then observed drily, "It is enough if you dream about the existence of the lovely girl. For that reason you can't marry her in your dream."

After this the Lord galloped off in the direction indicated by Shanmugam and came to a house by the temple. There he saw an old woman sitting before the door of the house.

He spoke to the woman. "Old woman, does a young girl live here with you? Has she married yet?"

The Old woman replied, "Sir, True. A young girl does tarry here with me. She is a foundling whom I rescued from a fair. As her parentage is unknown, no one is willing to marry her."

The Lord seemed astonished to hear this and said eagerly, "I too had a daughter who was lost in a fair. She has a mole on her right cheek."

The old woman went inside and came out with a pretty looking young lass. She had a mole on her right cheek. The

Lord was very happy to be reunited with his missing daughter. Then he came back to the manor and brought the old woman and the daughter to live with him.

As the dreamer's dreams had all come true, the Lord had no hesitation in marrying off his daughter to Shanmugam. Thus the last dream proved to be correct right down to the last detail of the wedding between Shanmugam and the lovely lass.

In the end, Shanmugam, the dreamer was as good as his boast, and earned wealth and a wife and a secure haven through his dreams.



RIDDLE

I am a word of six letters,
My first is in perch but not in branch,
My second is in heron and also in crane,
My third is in elephant but not in lion,
My fourth is in panther and also in python,
My fifth is in leech and also in snake,
My sixth is in crab and also in frog.
I am an Indian spice, hot to taste, what am I?

By Dharmajay Patro, Berhampur - 4.

Answer : Pepper



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